





generally blundered into such demands from a consciousness of the violation of some sacred law. We do not believe that women will ever equal men in certain departments of literature, neither do we believe that men will ever equal women in certain others.

Each have their appropriate walk, and a masculine woman is as much out of the beautiful order of nature, as an effeminate man. What is natural is ever lovely and beautiful to the soul, but what is unnatural is repulsive. We cannot go behind nature and say why this is so, we can only feel and acknowledge that it is. Each sex has its peculiar station and duties in the world, else the creation of more than one sex would be superfluous. Each has its own work adapted to its mode of thought, its peculiar feelings, power and physical organization. Let the male strive, therefore, between the two, be as to which shall perform its part most faithfully "in the great Taskmaster's eye."—*Exchange paper.*

### Luck.

Rev. H. W. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—

"I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of good and bad luck. There are men, who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them and for others. One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he killed away his time fishing while he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at every thing he touched. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his boat. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by endorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never saw an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits and industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalton, creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck,—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

### CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1846.

#### Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM REV. PHILIP H. CHURCH.

NUMBER XII.

Boston, Nov. 27, 1846.

MEANS, EDITORS.—Hence, sweet home, there is no place like home. This sentiment has acquired additional force in my mind, from the painful delay to which I have been subjected during ten tedious weeks, but which at length terminated in my arrival in the bosom of my family and friends, on Wednesday morning, the 22d inst. The happiness, virtue, and even the general benevolence of our affections, alike require that they should have a local habitation, as the radiating point from which they diffuse themselves over the interests of mankind. What I anticipated was more than realized among my friends, of fear, anxiety and distress for my fate, during those weeks of uncertainty which followed the expected arrival of the Great Britain. And when the certainty of my safety was established, though arduous and long delayed, the transition was like life from the dead. My heart is affected by the recital. I thank my friends at home and abroad, for their kind interest in my welfare, and have only to desire that the results upon my own character may be as favorable, as the ordeal through which I have passed has been trying and painful.

Before resuming the track of my transatlantic peregrinations, permit me to record a few omitted particulars, and to state a few facts of my homeward voyage. In reference to the letters you have already published, which I had not heard a syllable of till my return, it is proper that I should say, that their errors in spelling, especially of proper names, is not a little annoying. This may be owing in part to a hand-writing naturally illegible, but rendered still more so by haste, fatigue and other circumstances unfavorable to writing, and partly, perhaps, by intention in the suppression of the press. Cases of verbal correction and contradiction seem incapable of explanation from any other than the latter cause. Those who have noticed these defects will, we trust, have the magnanimity to make all due allowances in the case. They should consider, for instance, that the 'ancient and modern Davids,' in the Prince Albert procession at Liverpool, for the 'ancient and modern Davids,' is a mistake that may excuse itself, not only on the score of resemblance between the two words, but of the historical fact that there are modern as well as ancient Davids, and that both alike might mingle in so motley a group. But who does not tread lightly on the ashes of these dead mistakes in typography?

But the task of recording the grateful recollections of my tour is far more agreeable than that of dwelling on these irreparable errors. I hope our revered and excellent brother of the Nassau St. Baptist Church, Brooklyn, will excuse my calling attention to these errors which I received at his hands, at the time of my embarkment at New York. Brother Hodge embraced himself to me by the kindest and most generous treatment, though at the time he was greatly afflicted by the sickness of his wife, who, I learn, has since gone to a higher world. The Lord sustain him in his desolations and his sorrow.

In London, also, the Rev. Dr. Davies and family had no need peculiar obligations. In his house I enjoyed the 'foat of reason and the flow of soul,' and was delighted by the charms of conversation, embellished by literary taste, and adorned with the higher beauties of simple piety and faith. Dr. Davies promises much to the cause of theological learning in England, in which they are in some respects behind us of this country. The philological and exegetical studies in which Andover has taken the lead, added to the great reputation of Edwards, Dwight, and others of a past age, have given our country an enviable standing abroad in the department of theology and sacred hermeneutics. He has lately translated 'Gesenius' Hebrew Grammar, from the fourth German edition, enlarged and improved by E. Rogers, Ph.D. D.D., Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Halle. The work is finely executed under the press of Samuel Bagster & Sons, Paternoster Row, and is receiving favorable notices from the Foreign Review. I brought a copy of it to the Rev. Dr. Conant, of Madison University, Hamilton, whose opinion of its merits I am anxious to learn—a subject on which he is eminently qualified to judge. His own translation of the same work (except

Rodger's additions), has been re-published and well received in England.

My stay in Bristol was short, but long enough to elicit the most cordial expressions of kindness from Rev. Professor Crisp and Gutch, of the Baptist Academy, and from R. B. Sherring, Esq., a man of wealth, a friend of Robert Hall, and an amateur in rare old books, especially of the Bunyan edition. He showed me copies of the first edition of some works from that ingenious dreamer, and I am told that an edition of Pilgrim's Progress, conformed to the one that was first published under the hand of the author, is about to appear.

Pennyport, within the ancient limits of Wales, is like a mirror a place of hospitable recollections. Dr. William Phillips, the maternal brother of Rev. Gibson Williams, an excellent family, and Rev. Thomas Thomas, Principal of the Baptist Academy, also showed me much kindness, and so did the Rev. Thomas Morgan, of Birmingham. The latter gentleman had sent me to London a request that I should call on my return, with which it was my happiness to comply at a time of fatigue and depression, which made the hospitalities of his family most acceptable. Mr. Morgan has been many years associated with Mr. Sturge in the anti-slavery movement, and from my personal interviews with both these gentlemen, I could not doubt their deep and earnest sincerity in the cause, though the principles on which they have acted may not in all cases bear inspection. I certainly cannot agree with their ideas of influencing the convictions of mankind by denying the ordinary civilities of life to those who do not agree with their own opinions.

Mr. Morgan gave me an unexpected account of having refused to dine with a distinguished countryman of ours, because he had printed on the subject of American slavery what he (Mr. M.) did not believe. Of his honesty in this act no one can doubt, though for myself I can see nothing in the principles of morality and religion to justify it. 'What is it but an appeal to a man's self-love, to make him alter his opinions? What is it but saying to him, Sir, if you would be esteemed, you must think as I do? The ancient persecutors said, 'Believe as I do, or burn.' The principles are the same, only the one assailed the life of the supposed errorist, and the other destroys his character. These remarks are made simply with reference to this common principle of reformation in our own times, and not to disparage either men or motives in this particular case. The men are too good, too great, and too noble, to be disparaged.

Our return voyage was in many respects a trying one. We were detained, after the stranding of the Great Britain, for about one week in Ireland, during which time, every thing was done to mitigate our misfortunes which the opulent Christians of Belfast could consistently do. They visited us in our afflictions, and cheered us in our dependency. And the same was also done by a few of the excellent of the earth in Liverpool. Finding all the steamers and packets full, we took passage in the Cornelia, Capt. French, an excellent ship from New York. To our utter dismay, however, we were eight days detained by contrary winds, after the appointed time of our sailing. And it was four weeks after I came to Liverpool to get passage, before I actually embarked for home. We sailed on the 13th of October, and the next night were overtaken with a terrible gale off Holyhead, and on the following morning, one of our hands was precipitated from the round-house into the sea, and perished before relief could be afforded. Poor fellow! his imploring cries for help were borne to the ears of his comrades amid the loud howling of the storm, and some of them were much bruised in an attempt to afford him the relief of the life-buoy, but the spunk-bomb having got loose, was sweeping to and fro so as to make it impossible that they should succeed. And if they had, it might have protracted the period of his sufferings, but could not probably have saved him, because the violence of the storm and waves, made it impracticable for the ship to put about. This sad event cast an air of gloom over the commencement of our voyage, and made some of us, who had been the victims of a previous misfortune, almost superstitious, lest we were reserved to still more fearful disasters.

And, indeed, this death was followed by ten others among our steerage passengers, before we reached New York. They were either infants or aged persons, who could not endure the trials of a sea-voyage, to which they had never been accustomed, and hence, when sea-sickness brought on a deranged digestion, they were quite sure to die. How seldom were these burials at sea! The body, sewed up in a sack, with weights attached to sink it, was precipitated into the caverns of the deep, to await the general resurrection. On one occasion, two daughters, who had for weeks watched over their mother with unremitting duty and affection, when the plank was lifted to precipitate that mother into the sea, were so convulsed by the idea of such a burial, that they made an effort to cling to the corpse, and detain it from its final resting-place. This poor woman several times conversed with, amidst the filth and wretchedness of her dying couch, and verily believe that she was one of Christ's little ones, who has gone to her happier home in heaven. Poor Irish! in fleeing from starvation at home, how many meet an equally fearful death at sea, or perish with neglect and destitution on a foreign shore! Yet, how ardent, how impassioned their family ties! One of these daughters had been several years at service in the United States, and had gone, probably with her own earnings, to assist the emigration of her much-loved parents to a land of greater freedom and of brighter hopes. Alas! the realities of life exceed the paintings of fiction or poetry, in their adaptation to move the sympathies of mankind! And the examples of filial devotion in departments of society which are deemed too obscure for the notice of history, often more worthy of immortality than those events which eloquence, poetry, and literature emblazon in the memory of posterity.

A few days of good wind enabled us to escape the dangerous navigation of the British and Irish Channels, after which we wallowed for weeks amid opposing surges, till we were driven near the thirty-second degree of latitude, amid the deluging breeze, skies, suns and stars of more northern climes. There we enjoyed the weather, but not the sailing, for fear we might fall into the dead atmosphere of the horse latitudes, as the sailors call a certain belt of ocean, between the trade winds on the south and varying storms of the north. A merciful Providence, however, assisted our escape, and we succeeded at length to make our landing.

On Sunday of the 15th inst., it was very rainy, and in the evening, not less than six or eight companions (if my spelling is correct) glittered from the tops of our masts and the ends of our spars. These are luminous points, like stars, that seem to be somewhat of the nature of an ignis fatuus or jack-a-lantern. The tops of our three masts were thus illuminated, and the two ends of several of our spars. The effect was peculiarly striking and singularly brilliant. I had never heard of the phenomenon before, and now can give no explanation of it that perhaps deserves confidence, because I can find nothing that has ever been written on the subject. I think, however, that these lights are the effect of electric currents passing between the ship and the clouds, that reveal themselves only at these extreme points, where they are reduced to the narrowest compass.

After forty days thus spent amid storms, calms, and diverse vicissitudes, we at length entered the port of New York, and came to our moorings on Sunday evening, Nov. 22, thankful once more to enter upon the world's great theatre, from whose scenes, doings, designs, and other materialities, we had been for weeks effectually shut out, and happy in the idea that we were safe, and our friends were in health.

The Rev. Mr. Tucker, my old associate in this city, and his son, kindly awaited my landing, and took me to their hospitable home, and that evening to the sanctuary, where the illusion of a rolling sea still pursued me, to make me the hearer of a sermon from the venerable Elder John Peck.

Yours, with profound esteem, P. C.

#### TO THE READERS AND FRIENDS OF THE CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

As the pastor occasionally announces to the flock of which he is 'overseer,' his intentions and wishes, with the view of enlisting a more hearty co-operation in his work, so it may not be unbecomingly improper for the religious press, cherishing similar ends of usefulness, to do the same. We feel that we need not advert to the necessities that were connected with the commencement of the Reflector in this city, to the principles and interests which it has undeviatingly espoused, to the misapprehensions, we might add, misrepresentations, and struggles, through which it has passed amid the rapid and momentous events of this era of the religious world. Nor is it necessary that we should make prominent allusion to the instrumentality for good, which, in these columns, the cause of evangelical and pure religion, of revivals, of virtue and humanity, has ever found. God being our helper, this career of the paper shall be continued, as formerly, with an increased devotion of the energies, time, and ability which he has given us.

'Speaking the truth in love,' ever has been, and will continue to be, our motto. If from this we deviate, as through infirmity we may, we trust we shall be saved from any form of cherished malevolence. To God and truth, to the catholic, but firm maintenance of those principles which lie at the foundation of whatever can bless man and glorify his Maker, we desire our pages to be most sincerely consecrated.

Our aim will continue to be to make a paper for the denomination, and Christians in general. We are happy to know that there are those of other persuasions on our list of subscribers, and to be assured that they, hardly less than by those of our own church, our endeavor to serve the religious public, are appreciated. But our special aim is to make the Reflector acceptable to the family, as well to its younger, as its older members. We shall spare no pains to render its weekly visits into the 'sweet atmosphere of home,' as welcome as they shall be profitable. The past, to us, is here most cheering, and encourages us to give to this attainment, no small share of our energies.

In those departments of the paper which give it a permanent interest and value, to ministers and mature Christians more especially, and to all, we shall continue to put forth our best efforts. If a large, we may say, liberal outlay for editing, for valuable contributions and correspondence, beyond, too, what has heretofore obtained in our denomination, give us valid claims to a liberal public patronage in return, we can at least, claim the merit of having endeavored to deserve it. And on this behalf it becomes us, we are assured, to speak in thankful acknowledgment, in view of the encouragement that we have thus far received. We contemplate sending out from the first of January, a large and grateful increase to our present addition.

Still much remains to be done in the matter of giving wider scope to the influence of the religious press. Who, what pastor at a time like the present, is not assured of what would be the mighty increase of religious and humane sentiment in the community, were our general literature and reading, far more than now, pervaded with the savor of moral and evangelical truth? We see no reason why our means of counteracting the vicious influences of a corrupting literature, and of doing a positive good, might not, and should not, be at once doubled. The numerous friends of the paper have but to will it, and it is done.

We have often wondered at the comparative smallness of the circulation in a society, of religious newspapers. In a society, for example, of a hundred families, it is commonly thought quite well, if twenty, or one-fifth of all the families, take a Christian journal! Why should not one half, or three-fourths, at least, be included in this number? Could our brethren in the ministry, or others, accomplish a better work, than by their own vigorous agency in securing this result?

We do not disguise the fact, we make plain to speak of it, and to commend it, that, to those who labor to extend the circulation of this paper, we desire to afford a reasonable pecuniary compensation, as well as the consciousness of doing good. The laborer who exerts himself here, in other departments of effort, we believe is worthy of his hire.

Let all our friends bear in mind that, whatever is to be done in this, and every other department of effort and duty, wisdom dictates that it be done quickly.

We shall issue the Reflector from the commencement of the year, in a new, and we trust, an improved dress. Therefore, as its conductors shall be remembered in the prayers, as well as the co-operation of its numerous readers, may be equally improved in its devotion to the spiritual and everlasting welfare of those to whom it ministers.

#### BE BRIEF.

We some time ago, entered the study of a pastor, in a neighboring State, who is distinguished for efficiency and success in his calling. Over the door of the room, in prominent capitals, was an inscription: 'Be Short!' 'Be Short!' what a motto! And yet, that monosyllabic, meaning little sentence, struck us with a peculiar interest. Why was it there? The answer occurred to us in thinking, that without doubt this pastor had experienced so many needless drafts on his time, as to lead him to place there, to some as may have seemed, abrupt direction. He had reflected that during the few fleeting moments of a short life, he could not allow his golden hours to be inconsiderately or needlessly consumed. He proclaimed, therefore, in that inscription, no want of love to his flock, or want of a disposition to give them ruinably of his precious time. To our mind there was even in these two words a volume of proof to the contrary.

How difficult a lesson for thousands to learn is that of being brief, and what an amount of precious time is thereby squandered to individuals

and to society. Years in the aggregate, are thus wasted in no purpose. They secure no advance in the way of well being or of well doing. How important during a short life, in which so much is to be done, that all should learn what is comprehended in doing 'with the might, whatsoever the hand findeth to do.' How much is comprised in an understanding of the necessities and uses of brevity.

Ministers and Christians, in their public prayers, in their preaching, in their exhortations, in the interviews of social life, however frequent all these may be, will be wise if they are brief. How many motives of never ceasing eloquence and impressiveness, urged less upon them. 'The time is short.'

Those who write for religious periodicals, editors, and correspondents, equally with any other servants of God and mankind, should learn the lesson of *multum in parvo*. They should shut, guided by the dictates, alike of conscience and of their better judgment, tedious attention, and should be brief.

The man of brevity, we shall commonly find to be a man of industry. In the very nature of the case, he finds time to labor for the weal of society, and for the salvation of the immortal beings who, with him throng that road, whose termination they will all soon reach, in the grave.

By how many voices is the admonition of a fleeting life, and of its untold value, urged on us all, that—

'As flows the rapid river,  
Will channel broad and free,  
Its waters onward flow,  
And leaving to the sea,  
And days of offing pass,  
And mine is swiftly gone,  
Where calls of mercy cease.'

#### CONTRARY TO NATURE BUT ACCORDING TO GRACE.

Being called a few days since, in the discharge of pastoral duty, to visit the sick bed of a mother in Israel, I expressed the hope that she might recover and yet be useful in her Master's service. She replied, 'If I am not mistaken in the exercises of my mind, I have no anxiety about myself. I feel perfectly resigned to the will of Jesus. My only desire is to see the Saviour.' I wish to have her say so much, for what Christian is there who fails not in some particulars? However, I have endeavored to do what I could. In one of the sections traversed, a revival of religion has already manifested itself. Whether it has been produced by the distribution of the books and Tracts or not, I cannot positively say; yet I can at least indulge the hope that they will have some influence in the formation of Christian character, than which nothing is more important or so defective in this region.

The reality of the destitution cannot be conceived by those unaccustomed to scenes of misery. I have found those who have never heard the living preacher, and who had no idea of the plan of salvation through Christ, though he had arrived to the age of twenty, and even forty years. The names of Baxter, Bunyan, Flavel and Edwards possess no charm for the great majority, far from their hearts they have never heard. I have been the place where misery, filth and ignorance appeared in their most loathsome form, affecting sensibly every mortal as well as scientific feeling. And here to be faithful, I have endeavored to pour out the cup of salvation, seeking, rather than avoiding them. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that my brief agency has impressed me deeply in favor of colportage, and as long as vital Christianity warms my heart, it shall find in me an advocate.

THE MISLEADING OF THE IMAGINATION. Paul, in that fearful grouping and description of the various classes of men over whom depravity holds its iron sway, speaks of those who became 'vain in their imaginations and whose foolish heart was darkened.' The power of the imagination to mislead men of strong religious, as well as vicious instincts, is undeniable. We mistake if we do not see the fruit of this in the refined and many formed deception of our day. We have been struck, in reading one of the letters of the late lamented John Foster to Rev. Joseph Hughes, as furnishing an illustration of the power of imagination over the religious, as well as other tendencies of our nature. Foster says:—

'There is a great force in your remarks on the deceptions of imagination. A strong imagination, expanding and sweeping over ages and worlds in quest of grandeur, will exult in the sight of whatever is great in any department of contemplation, as well as in the glories of the world. It will hold it as an object of taste. It will revel in a sublime rapture of religion. It will admire the character of Jesus, and some of the Christian traits and prospects, as magnificent objects, analogous to the heavenly bodies, and stupendous phenomena in the physical universe. These feelings may exist where they do not evince, nor form any part of the influences of a divine Spirit pervading the soul and making it evangelic and heavenly. This is what you mean; I believe it is too true. But what then is the criterion to ascertain the nature of these fervors in any given case? The proof will be found in the consistency or inconsistency of these feelings with the other movements of the mind, and in their consequences. Let Rousseau be the instance. In his eloquent tirade of Christianity, taken by itself, you will hardly detect a proof that it is not dictated by a piety sublime as his genius. Ask, then, does Rousseau zealously endeavor to establish all the proofs of Christianity? Does Rousseau reverently submit his genius and his philosophic speculations to its authority? Does Rousseau receive with equal pleasure the abiding, as the elevating, truths of Christianity? Does he as a guilty being, rejoice in Christ chiefly as a Saviour? Can he despise philosophic fame for the sake of Christ? Does he zealously proclaim him to his brethren? Is he sensible of the excellence of the Christian consciousness? Does he pray fervently? Does he deny himself and take up his cross? Are his morals reformed? These would prove him a Christian, and his eloquence would be that of a apostle. The matter of secreted regret that Rousseau's character will not bear

such a process of trial. I am not claiming any kindred to his sublime genius while I bring my self to the touchstone, and say, 'A glow of imagination,—but certainly that is not all. The gospel is to me, not a matter of complacent speculation only, but of momentous use, of urgent necessity. I come to Jesus Christ because I need pardon, and purification, and strength. I feel more as he appears more divine. In the dust I listen to his instructions and commands. I pray fervently in his name, and above all things for a happy union with him. I do, and will proclaim him. For his sake I am willing to go through evil report and good report. I wish to live and die in his service.'

#### MUSICAL CONCERTS.

[Our New York correspondent communicates the following, in reference to several Concerts that have recently been held in that city.]

Several distinguished foreign musicians have in the last few weeks, been delighting the musical portion of our city, and almost turning the brain of some of the critics. We have DeMeyer, who thunders away at the piano, and beats it as if he were mad, and who is called the lion pianist, and then we have Herz, who belongs to an opposite school, and who charms those whom DeMeyer astrophes. Then comes Sivori, a famous fiddler, and with him some lesser lights, all in their peculiar way drawing crowds, and money. A brief description of one concert will answer as a specimen of all, and may not be uninteresting.

Herz's concert, was advertised to commence at 8, (doors open at 7), in the Broadway Tabernacle. A little experience had taught me that a good seat was a prime object at a concert, especially when given by a pianist, as the fingering is well worth seeing. At a little after six I found myself and 'next friend,' with more than a hundred others, looking through the iron gates of the Tabernacle, which were locked. Carriage after carriage came and added to the number, till hundreds stood on the side walk and had paid a dollar each for admission. The heart of the gate keeper was finally melted at the sight of so much shivering beauty, and at twenty five minutes before the advertised time the doors were opened. An interesting race then followed, and before 7 o'clock all the good seats in that vast building were occupied. Those who came punctually at 8, were astonished and chagrined. At 8 the concert opened with some wild, gloriously music from the orchestra: 'the Ruler of the Spirit' by Weber.

Herz was the great object of attraction for this evening, though Pico, a great favorite with lovers of Italian music, and Miss North, who sings at Grace Church, and is a sweet warbler, and DeBregis, the best Buffo in the city, all entertained the audience with fine songs. It is a difficult task to convey to another in words the impression that a great musician like Herz, makes on a lover of the art. He approached the piano, which was a very beautiful one and made by himself, I believe, as if about to have sweet communion with a dear friend. The first touch of the keys was replied to with a sweet, clear, loving answer; and then he went on with every variety of performance to display his wonderful, powerful power of execution, the music pouring forth like a clear, smooth stream among green fields, or floating away like incense. The instrument appeared to be a part of him, and to express the 'motions of his soul' in concord of sweet sound. Such was the rapidity of his execution that his fingers reminded one of a humming bird's wings, when poised before a flower. The audience became intensely excited during the performance of a solo by Herz, and encouraged him most rapturously. He answered the call by playing Yankee Doodle with every imaginable variation. One of the pieces played during the evening was arranged by Herz for sixteen performers, and was played by that number on eight pianos. This was a great trial of time-keeping, as, for most of the piece, only a part of the sixteen were playing, and the music was constantly leaving one piano and going to another and then to three, then five; and then all would strike in.

At these concerts are found a few specimens of persons in male attire wearing hair on the upper lip, and a stripe of the same down the centre of the under one. They are generally found in company with persons of some sort of distinction, and are used for the same purpose that coats of arms are on the panel of a carriage—to herald the aristocracy of the owner. One of this class of animals sat behind me at Herz's concert, and during the intervals of music, talked French so softly, and laughed so like a girl, that I cannot be in error in affirming that his lungs sympathized with his brains. At the close of almost every fine passage in the music he exclaimed *bravo*, and he actually got out, in the midst of an Italian song, not one word of which he understood, probably, for if I mistake not, he is a French fencing master, the word *bravissimo*, which nearly exhausted him. This poor thing was in company with Mrs. —, one of our most distinguished lady writers.

To give an idea of the amount of money coined by these foreigners, I will state that after paying the orchestra and the distinguished singers who aided in the concert and all other expenses, Herz pocketed \$1700, as the avails of his third concert.

While waiting at the gate of the Tabernacle for admission, the thought came frequently to my mind, When will the time come that the gates of Zion will be thus crowded by anxious worshippers?

#### A BAPTIST.

MEANS, EDITORS.—It is delightful to attend the wedding of happy friends; I enjoyed the delightful privilege of attending them, Thanksgiving week. But yesterday (Sunday) I enjoyed an especially more delightful privilege, in once more visiting the water side and burying with Christ by baptism, Robert Colby, youngest son of Gov. A. Colby, of this place. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and now a student at Law in Mr. Peley's office, Concord, N. H. He is a very modest young man, of good talents and great moral worth. His hope is dated back to the Spring of 1841. In the relation of his Christian experience, he gave the church the most convincing and satisfactory evidence of a thorough work of grace upon his heart. All of Gov. Colby's family are now members of the same church, himself, lady, and three children—two sons and one daughter. We have one soul more 'not far from the kingdom of heaven.' Yours, in the gospel, MARK CARPENTER.

New London, N.H. Nov. 22, 1846.

#### MAINE CORRESPONDENCE.

MEANS, EDITORS.—Believing it might not be uninteresting to hear occasionally from Maine, respecting the religious interests of the state, have presumed to send you some items of information, as matters of interest to your numerous readers. And lest some should imagine that the hearts of the inhabitants of the Pine Tree State, are as cold as the north winds that are even now whistling about our dwellings, we would assure them that it is not so. Although situated more in the region of snow and cold, still we trust our hearts beat as quick and as warm as those that thrush in more sunny climes. It is true, at this time, and we regret so to write, there does exist an

alarming extent, an apparently death-like coldness in the hearts of those who once so warmly embraced the Saviour and his cause. Even in this city, Christians exhibit an indifference and backwardness in regard to the cause they have so zealously espoused, still you will rejoice to learn, that although cloudy and dark as is the moral horizon, there are a few bright spots of a clear blue sky yet to be seen. There are some in this part of the vineyard, that do feel as deep an interest in the cause of their Lord and Master as ever; some whose prayers are daily ascending to Heaven for the outpouring of God's Spirit, and for the revival of his work in the hearts of those who have professed to be his children. Perhaps there never was a time just like the present, when such a moral death had overspread the community; when vice and wickedness in all their varied forms, stalk so boldly abroad in our city. Indeed Satan and his emissaries are now unusually busy in distracting the attention of the younger portion of the community from the consideration of the claims of religion; still, our houses of worship are well filled on the Sabbath, and this fact renders it the more alarming; for what hope can there be of one who on the Sabbath attends where the gospel is faithfully preached, and on the other days of the week is apparently regardless of his spiritual welfare? And for the purpose of alluring the young from the paths of virtue and uprightness, there has been established in this city, within a few days a Theatre, and it is the first regular one which has been in operation here, since the failure and discontinuance of a similar one as far back as 1837. It is not important, then, for those who are really on the Lord's side to let it be known? Beware in Christ, shall we be longer idle when the cause of Christ is suffering so much for our coldness and neglect.

#### THE LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC.

The wreck of the Atlantic destined a rebuke to the spirit of boasting. We have been told that at the launching of this splendid vessel, and also the Great Britain, those interested especially in the event, vaunted themselves on what they had achieved, even as Nebuchadnezzar when he walked along the streets of Babylon, surveying his paved, columned and arched edifice. They boasted that they had now built a steamer which could displace and defy competition. How has the Almighty shown them that before his power, vessels of iron are as fragile as the tiny bark that floats on a summer streamlet. When he gives the 'stormy winds' their commission, when he sends out his tempests and lightnings, masts are but straws, iron pillars and securities are but reeds. Well were it for the boasters of earth to remember that 'The Lord is a great God and a great king above all gods'—as they tremble and adore his majesty.

An admonition of the exceeding uncertainty of whatever pertains to earth, is addressed to all. Withdrawing contemplation a moment from the rest, think of that family who reside in a single hour was forever made solitary, father, mother, children, with an orphan survivor, who on that tempestuous and fated night, from health, and a prospect of many days, found one grave. The voice from that wreck, and rock whereon so many in a few brief moments changed worlds, is loud and impressive to all who survive the dead. Why should not its trumpet notes of monition be heeded? Why should

'Man sleep and man alone; and man, whose fate, Fate irresistible, extend extreme,  
Edible, his long, brown skin, or the yell  
A moment trembles; drops; and for the gulf  
All else is an alarm—man, the sole cause  
Of this surrounding storm? And yet he sleeps,  
As the storm roars to rest. Three years away  
Three months, and he is gone; moments away,  
Heaven's on their wing; a moment, or may wish,  
When words would waste to bay.'

As was seen succeeding the disaster of the Lexington, may the truth and Spirit of God, render all hearts solemn, and lend multitudes to them, to make their heaven secure.

#### MORE SAIL THAN BALLAST.

No wise mariner would crowd a press of sail upon his ship with little or no ballast, while storms and hurricanes were sweeping over the ocean, and lashing its waves to fury. Under such circumstances he would 'shorten sail,' and down the upper spars, and prepare for the worst. When we see a man of talents, the orator, the poet, or preacher, exhibiting more vanity than humility, more empiricism than sound knowledge or judgment, we look upon him as upon the gallant ship, with sails all set, and broad streamers flying, dashing away through the foaming sea, while the thunder rolls, and the tempest howls, without starting back or sheet until the fierce blasts beat upon her; masts go by the board in one sudden crash, and she plunges at once to the bottom of the sea. Alas! how many men of brilliant talents have, by their native vanity, by the ill-timed flattery of their friends, or for the sake of common sense, or uncommon grace, suddenly fallen into grievous sins by which they have ruined their usefulness, plunged themselves into many sorrows, or into remediless ruin.

See that minister of the meek and lowly Saviour, who commenced his career under the most auspicious and flattering circumstances. Elated by success, the applause of the multitude, the echo of his own fame, he is seized with an unquenchable thirst for distinction; ambition and vanity take possession of his soul. Instead of laboring for the glory of God and the salvation of men, he labors more for his own aggrandizement; see his compass sea and land ad flustering titles to his name when Christ said he ye not called Rabbi. And when his glittering titles fail to secure the confidence and approbation of his brethren, he suddenly changes his course, deserts his old associates, alters his course, falls, it may be, into the line of the apostolic succession, and fights as stoutly for Peter, as formerly for John the Baptist. Now see him shorn of his glory and wrecked upon the restless tide of public opinion, or sunk in the dead sea of oblivion, the scorn of the indel and the disgrace of his profession. Surely humanity is before true honor; pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

J. H. B.

#### EDUCATION IN CONNECTICUT.

A School Teacher's Convention, as we learn from the Secretary, assembled recently in Hartford, and continued in session several days. The following were among the resolutions which were adopted:—

Resolved, That the present condition of our public schools, notwithstanding the great facilities afforded by our large public fund, is, with few exceptions, far below such a standard as the best interests of the State demand.

Resolved, That this convention express its gratification, in view of the fact that many of our districts have discontinued the practice of boarding their teachers from house to house, in order to allow them time and place for study—and that we recommended to all other districts to introduce a similar change.

Resolved, That the indifference of parents and guardians, to the improvement of their children, and words, and the undue parsimony which is unwilling to afford requisite facilities for rapid and thorough instruction, are serious obstacles to the progress of popular education.

Resolved, That physical education, has not as yet, in this State, received its due proportion of attention.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Convention,

it would be wise in the Legislature of this State to appropriate funds toward the establishment and support of a Teacher's seminary.

Many clergymen, we observe, participated appropriately in the proceedings, and among others Drs. Hawes and Bushnell, and Rev. Messrs. Turnbull, Raymond, Richardson and Clark. The convention was of a character far higher, and its deliberations have been far happier, far more harmonious and useful, than the most sanguine







